



# SPAWN

Capullo

D:

WELSH





TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# consequences

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## SPAWN 116 SUMMARY

Ben Nakadai is reluctantly visiting Japan, the land of his ancestors. In the ruins of an ancient temple, he discovers a golden box; a box that was left for him to find. Back at his hotel, Ben opens the cask. Meanwhile, Spawn can suddenly feel an uneasiness in the air, as ghosts begin to roam the streets and countryside. It is for Spawn to bring peace to these restless souls. Mykoto planned for Ben to find and open the golden box, and with that done, Ben himself is relegated to the spirit world. But in opening Mykoto's cask, Ben has also opened a door that will not soon be closed.



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS



SPAWN.COM

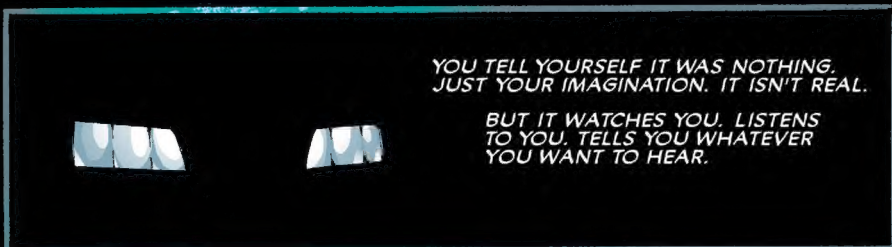
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**P**ROLOGUE.



THERE IS A DARK THING. IT HIDES  
IN THE SHADOWS, IN THE DARK  
CORNERS WHERE YOU'RE AFRAID  
TO LOOK.

SOMETIMES YOU GLIMPSE IT  
OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR  
EYE, JUST FOR AN INSTANT.  
AND THEN IT'S GONE.



YOU TELL YOURSELF IT WAS NOTHING.  
JUST YOUR IMAGINATION. IT ISN'T REAL.

BUT IT WATCHES YOU. LISTENS  
TO YOU. TELLS YOU WHATEVER  
YOU WANT TO HEAR.

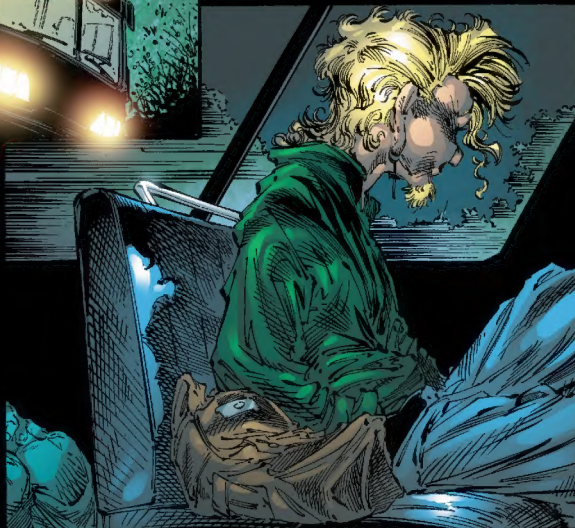
IT WILL COME TO YOU IN YOUR WEAKEST MOMENT  
WITH FALSE PROMISES AND PRETTY LIES.



IT LEADS YOU TO THE  
EDGE OF MURDER AND  
PLACES A GUN IN YOUR  
HAND AND WHISPERS  
GENTLY IN YOUR EAR...  
"DO IT... DO IT!"

THERE IS A DARK THING.

IT'S OUT  
THERE.  
HIDING.



IT IS REAL.

AND I AM GOING  
TO KILL IT.



NEW YORK.

SOMEONE SAID THERE ARE  
EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN  
THIS BLOODY CITY.

AS FAR AS I KNOW,  
NOT ONE OF THEM  
HAS A HAPPY ENDING.

IT'S LIKE THERE'S A  
SHADOW HERE, A  
DARK CLOUD HANGING  
OVER EVERYONE.

SOMETIMES THE LIGHT  
SHINES THROUGH, JUST  
FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.  
BUT THE SHADOW  
ALWAYS RETURNS.

LIKE A BAD PENNY.

OR A COUGH  
YOU CAN'T  
SHAKE.

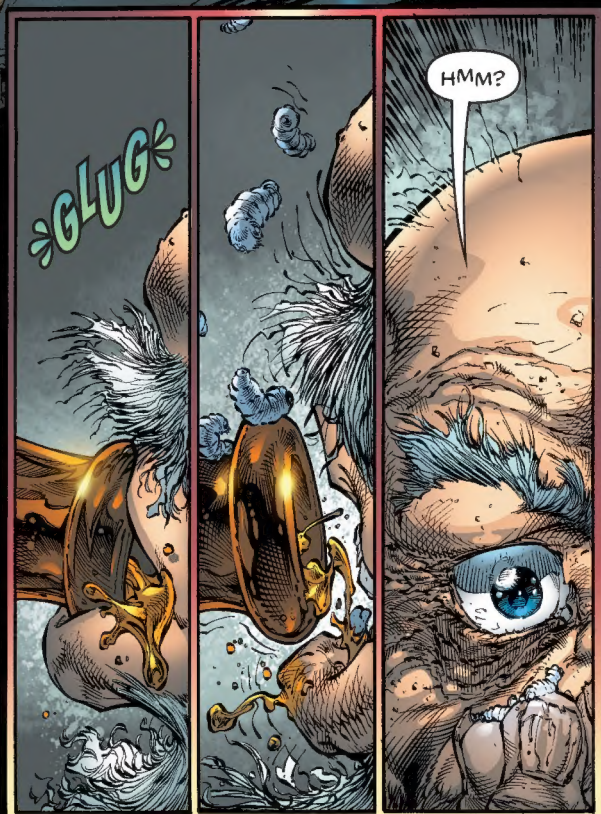
**HAUCK!!**

THEN AGAIN,  
MAYBE IT'S  
JUST ME.

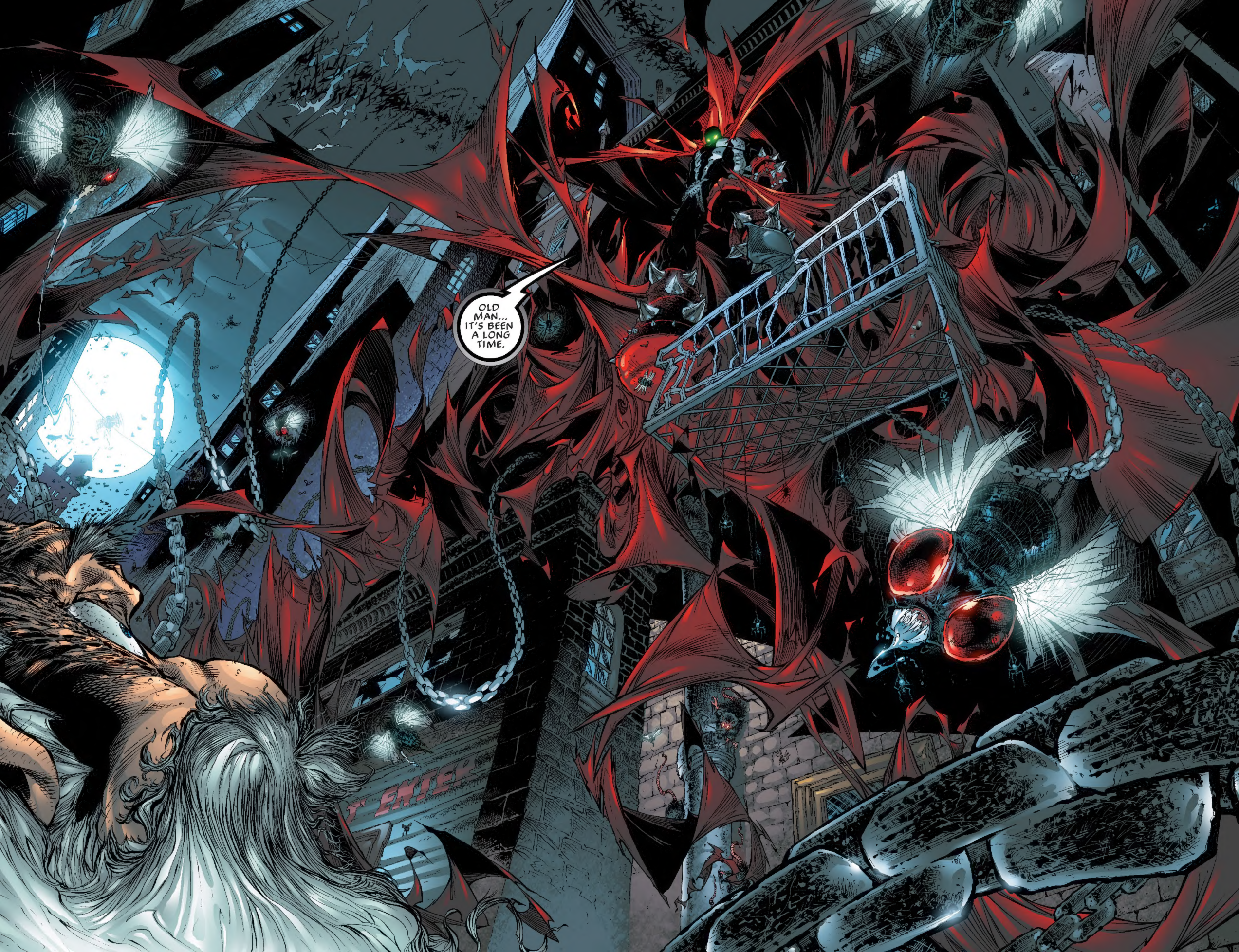


COME ON,  
YOU BASTARD. I'M  
NOT GETTING ANY  
YOUNGER! I KNOW  
YOU'RE OUT THERE.  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
WATCHING!

ISN'T IT  
TIME YOU  
SHOWED  
YOUR  
FACE?







OLD  
MAN...  
IT'S BEEN  
A LONG  
TIME.

ENTER

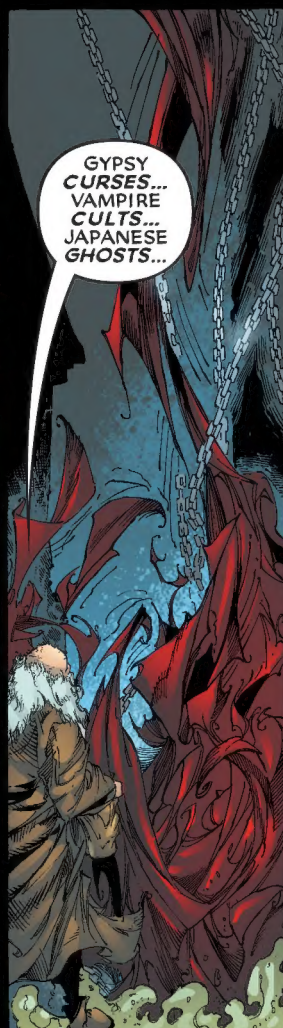




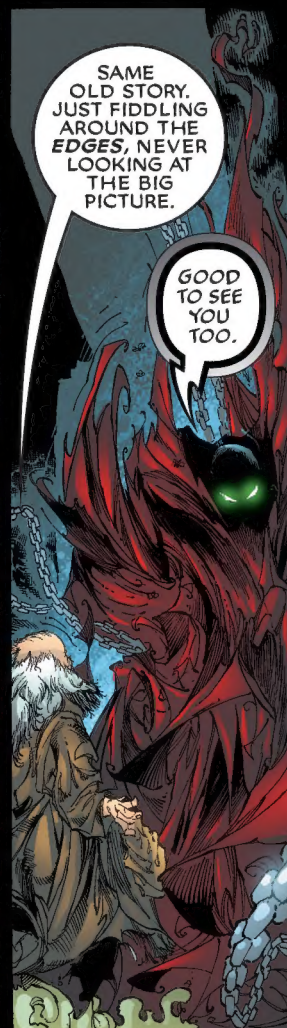
WELL THEN.  
LET'S  
HAVE A  
LOOK  
AT YOU.



WORD HAS IT,  
YOU'VE  
BEEN A  
BUSY BOY.

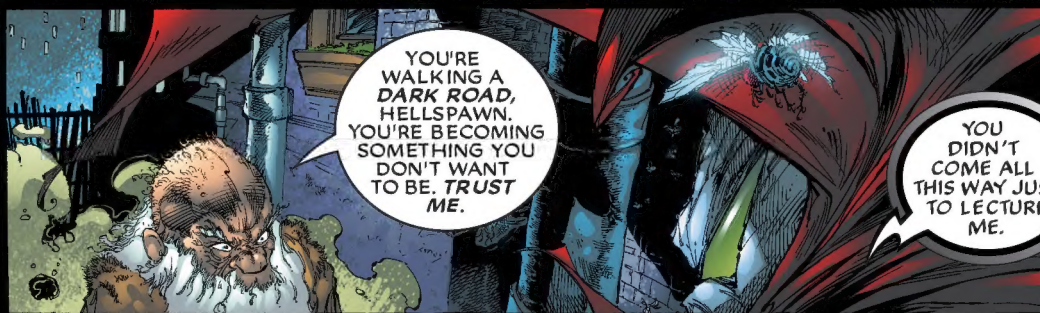


GYPSY  
*CURSES...*  
VAMPIRE  
*CULTS...*  
JAPANESE  
GHOSTS...



SAME  
OLD STORY.  
JUST FIDDLING  
AROUND THE  
*EDGES*, NEVER  
LOOKING AT  
THE BIG  
PICTURE.

GOOD  
TO SEE  
YOU  
TOO.



YOU'RE  
WALKING A  
*DARK ROAD*,  
HELLSPAWN.  
YOU'RE BECOMING  
SOMETHING YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE. *TRUST*  
ME.

YOU  
DIDN'T  
COME ALL  
THIS WAY JUST  
TO LECTURE  
ME.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
REASON.







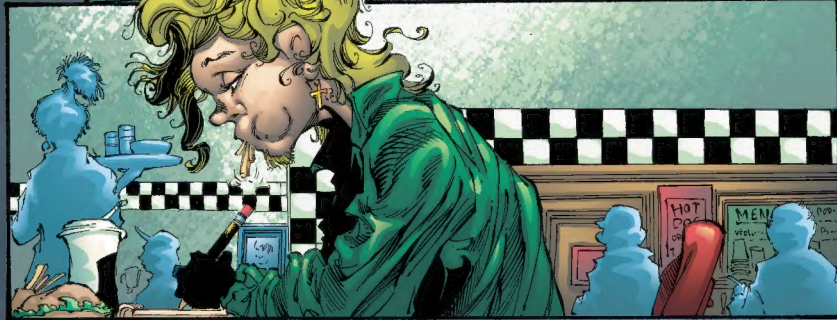
JOHN  
LAWRENCE  
WAS HERE

WHAT  
USUP  
BRAD!!

YOU'RE  
DYING.



THE I-40 INTERSTATE.  
TENNESSEE.

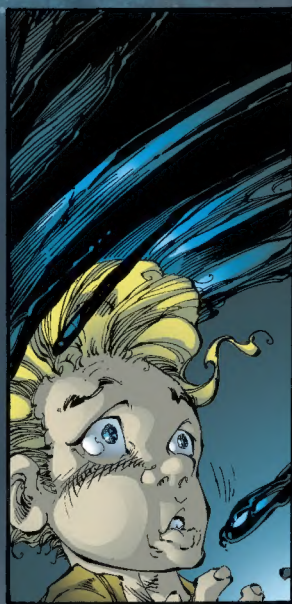
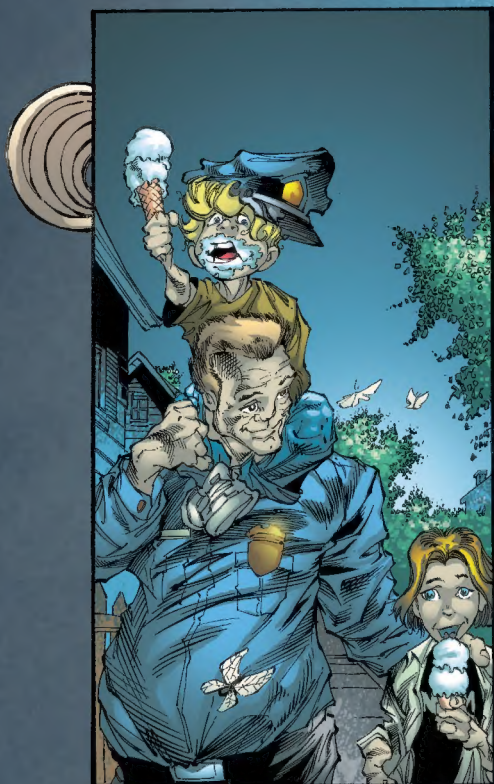


BUT I'D COME AND GET YOU IN A MINUTE  
IF I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU. I HOPE YOU  
NEED YOU TO BELIEVE THAT.

JUVEE WAS REALLY TOUGH. YOU  
DON'T WANT TO GO THERE. EVER.  
I KNOW FOSTER CARE MUST SUCK,  
BUT J.D. (JUVENILE DETENTION)  
IS 10x WORSE.

BE GOOD AND STAY OUT  
OF TROUBLE. PROMISE?

I WANTED TO TALK TO  
YOU ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED WAY BACK  
THEN, EXPLAIN IT SO  
YOU WOULD  
UNDERSTAND  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL.

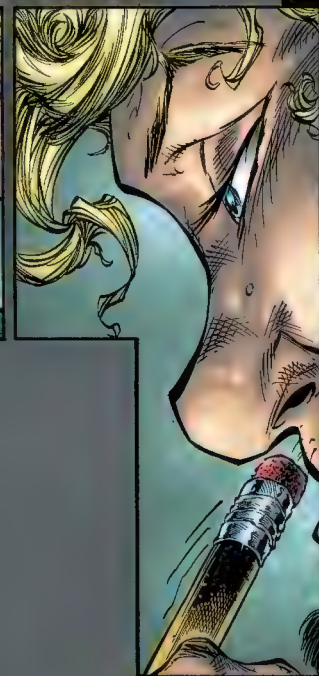
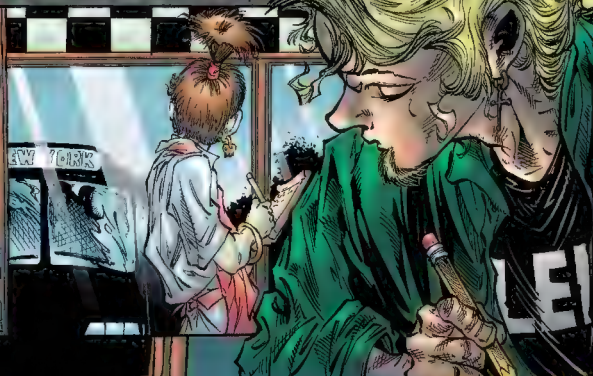








HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA





NEW  
YORK.

WHAT THE  
HELL DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE DOING?

HEALING  
YOU. I'M CERTAIN  
I CAN.

GET  
THAT  
THING  
AWAY  
FROM  
ME!

YOU  
WANT TO  
WAVE YOUR  
HAND AND MAKE  
EVERYTHING  
BETTER? YOU'RE  
A CHILD.  
GROW UP!

I'M DYING.  
AND IT'S NO  
BIG SECRET  
WHERE I'M  
GOING. I WAS  
SCARED OF  
HELL BEFORE.  
NOW I'M  
TERRIFIED.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
IMAGINE HELL  
LOOKS LIKE THESE  
DAYS? YOU KILLED  
ITS KING... LEFT HIS  
THRONE VACANT...  
OPENED A DOOR  
BETWEEN THAT  
WORLD AND  
THIS...

YOU REFUSE  
MALBOLGIA'S  
CROWN YET YOU  
WIELD HIS POWER?!  
WHY CAN'T YOU  
SEE THERE ARE  
CONSEQUENCES  
TO YOUR  
ACTIONS?

LOOK AT YOURSELF. I  
BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU. HARDLY  
A DROP OF HUMANITY LEFT IN  
THAT MONSTROUS SHELL.

FOR ALL YOUR  
GOOD INTENTIONS,  
YOU BRANDISH THE  
DEVIL'S POWER. WHAT  
DO YOU THINK THAT  
MAKES YOU?

IT'S  
CORRUPTING  
YOU, SPAWN.  
REMAKING YOU INCH  
BY INCH. SOON,  
THERE'LL BE NOTHING  
LEFT OF YOU AT  
ALL. AND THEN  
THEY WIN.

YOU'RE  
WRONG.




Spawn is shown in a dark, cavernous space, looking at a glowing, ethereal image of a cityscape. The image is framed by a jagged, torn-paper-like border.

I HAD A VISION  
RECENTLY... AN IMAGE OF  
THE WORLD AS IT IS AND  
AS IT MIGHT BE.

AND I HAD  
A REVELATION.  
EVERYTHING'S  
DIFFERENT  
NOW.

THE  
POWER ISN'T  
CHANGING ME,  
OLD MAN. I'M  
CHANGING  
IT.

A close-up of Old Man Logan's face. He has a long, white beard and intense blue eyes. He is looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression.

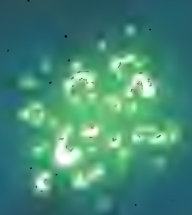
NO, SPAWN.  
YOU ONLY *THINK*  
YOU ARE.

TAKE  
MY HAND,  
COG.

WHY?

Spawn is shown from the chest up, holding a glowing green orb in his hands. The orb is surrounded by a bright green aura. He is looking down at it with a determined expression.

TRUST  
ME...







I WANT  
TO SHOW  
YOU SOME-  
THING.





YOU  
TALK OF  
THE BIG  
PICTURE?  
TAKE A  
LOOK...

I THINK  
I'M GOING  
TO BE  
SICK.

TAKE A LOOK  
AT THE WIDE AND  
GLORIOUS WORLD.  
THIS HUGE PLANET  
PLAGUED BY TINY  
PEOPLE...

THEY  
ARE CRUEL AND  
JEALOUS AND PETTY.  
THEIR SAD LITTLE  
LIVES LIVED IN QUIET  
DESPERATION.

CONDEMNED  
FOR THEIR SHORTCOMINGS  
BY THE VERY CREATOR WHO  
MADE THEM SO WEAK AND  
FLAWED IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

AND WHEN  
I CLOSE MY  
EYES, ALL I FEEL  
IS THEIR PAIN. IT  
EATS AT ME LIKE  
A CANCER.

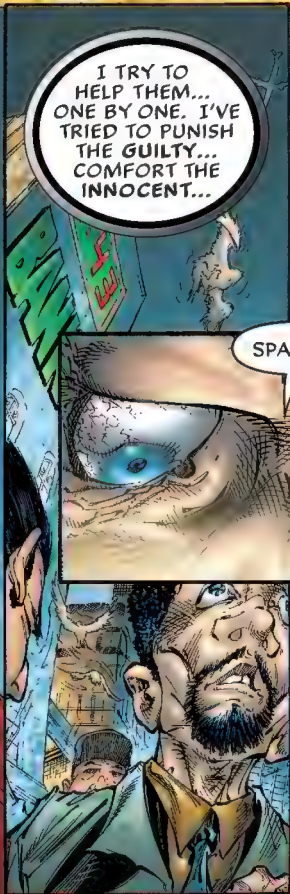




YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT'S LIKE. ALL  
OF THEM... ALL AT  
ONCE... INSIDE  
MY HEAD.

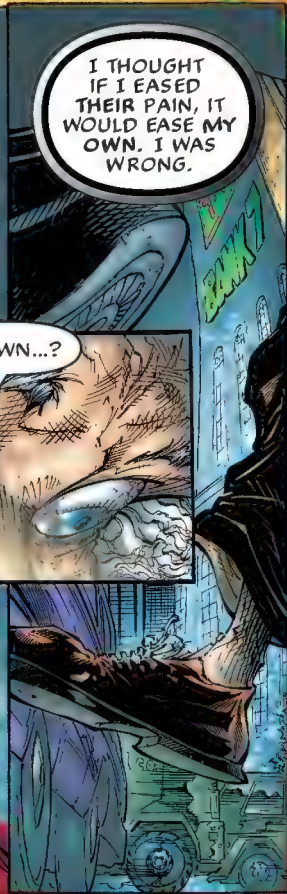


WHAT  
I WOULD  
GIVE FOR  
ONE MINUTE  
OF PEACE...  
ONE QUIET  
MOMENT TO  
THINK.



I TRY TO  
HELP THEM...  
ONE BY ONE. I'VE  
TRIED TO PUNISH  
THE GUILTY...  
COMFORT THE  
INNOCENT...

SPAWN...?



I THOUGHT  
IF I EASED  
THEIR PAIN, IT  
WOULD EASE MY  
OWN. I WAS  
WRONG.



THERE'S  
JUST TOO  
MANY OF  
THEM.

IT'S LIKE  
TRYING TO  
CAPTURE  
THE OCEAN  
WITH A  
NET.



SPAWN...?

DID...  
DID YOU  
JUST STOP  
TIME?





NOW  
HELL'S  
CREEPING  
ACROSS THE  
BORDERS  
INTO THIS  
WORLD.

I TRIED  
PLUGGING UP THE  
HOLES, BUT FOR  
EVERY DOOR I CLOSE,  
TWO NEW ONES  
OPEN.



SO NOW I  
SEE WHAT I MUST  
DO. YOU SAY THAT  
HELL IS MINE TO  
COMMAND,  
OLD MAN?



THEN  
I SAY,  
VERY WELL.  
LET HELL  
COME.

I WILL  
WELCOME IT TO  
THIS WORLD.



LET IT  
WASH OVER  
EVERYTHING  
AND REMAKE  
THIS EARTH.



AND I WILL  
COMMAND  
MY HELL TO  
BECOME A  
PARADISE.






A NEW  
EDEN WHERE  
EVERYONE IS  
WELCOME.



EVERYONE?




I CAN  
DO IT. I  
KNOW I  
CAN.



YOU--  
YOU'RE MAD.  
IT'S... IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE. IT'LL  
NEVER WORK. NOT  
IN A MILLION  
YEARS.

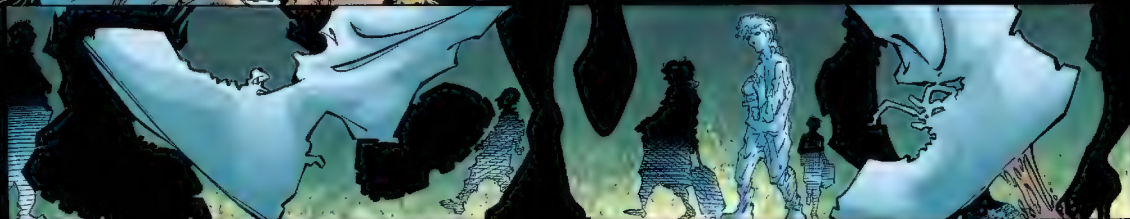


I... I  
WANT TO  
HELP.

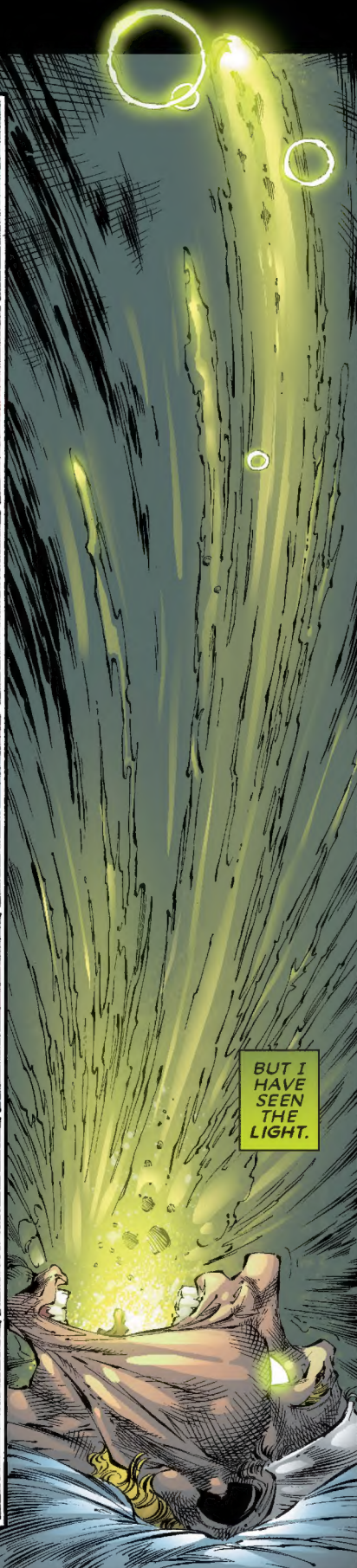
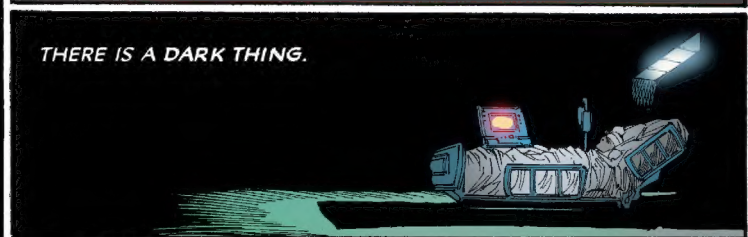
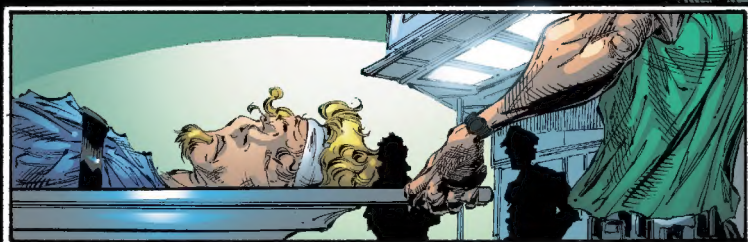


THE NEXT DAY...  
PORT AUTHORITY  
BUS TERMINAL,  
NEW YORK CITY.










BUT I  
HAVE  
SEEN  
THE  
LIGHT.





AND I KNOW WHAT  
MUST BE DONE.

THERE IS A  
DARK THING.  
IT IS REAL.

I AM  
GOING TO  
KILL IT.

AND BY  
KILLING  
IT...



...I WILL  
REDEEM  
MYSELF.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE